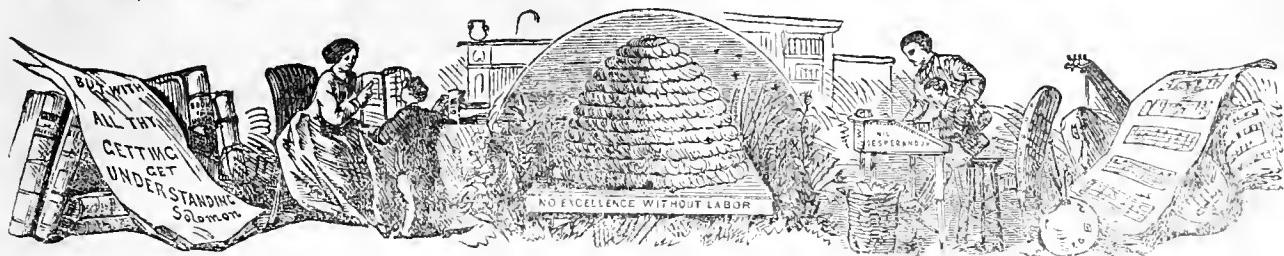


Holiness to the Lord!

The Juvenile Instructor

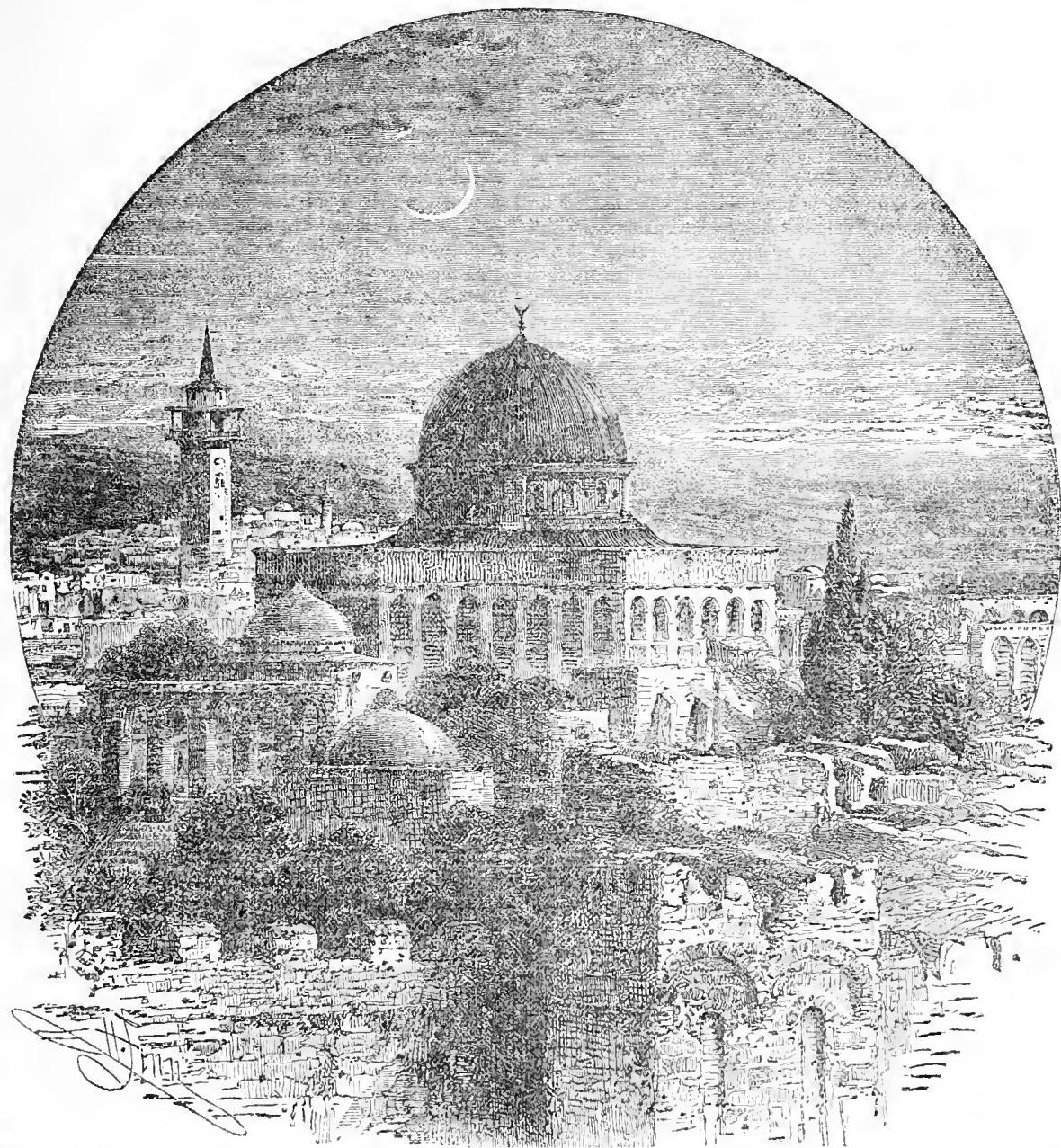


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SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1872.

NO. 21.

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.



TO Jews and Christians alike, the city of Jerusalem has an interest and a significance possessed by no other in the world, there being scarcely a stone in its walls or a foot of the soil which they surround that is not hallowed and consecrated in the hearts and memories of both. The descendants of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, after their eighteen hundred years' dispersion, still turn with fond heart-yearnings to the capital of the ancient kingdom of Judah, hoping and believing that the day will arrive when their Zion will be restored, when they will return thither from all the nations to which they have been driven, when their temple will be rebuilt, and, in the land given to their fathers by the promise and covenant of the Eternal, their long-looked for Messiah will reign over them with a glory and splendor far surpassing those of David and his great and wise son Solomon.

To the Christian mind Jerusalem is even more sacred than it is to that of the Jew, for that city was the principal theatre of the labors, teachings and sufferings of Jesus, the Redeemer, the Prince of Peace, the greatest and best citizen that ever graced the earth, who was rejected and cruelly put to death by those whom he came to save. There he proclaimed the gospel of life and salvation, performed some of his mightiest works, and finally, by his sacrifice, consummated the plan for the redemption of the human race. Who can wonder then, that, to Jew and Christian, Jerusalem possesses an interest surpassing that felt in and for any other portion of the earth?

Once the city of Jerusalem was noted for its splendor and magnificence; it was mighty and populous. Surrounded by three walls for its defence, except in a very few places where nature had rendered it all but impregnable, it was enabled for months to hold at bay and defy the Roman legions under Titus. But the word of Him who spake as man never spake, had predicted its speedy downfall, and famine finally accomplished what the desperate valor of its inhabitants might otherwise have prevented, and Titus and his hordes became the conquerors of the Jews, and the destroyers of that which was the pride of their nation, causing the sun of its glory to set in the blood of hundreds of thousands of those who had participated in and sanctioned the death of the Redeemer. From that day to the present it has been trodden under foot of the Gentiles, and to day is such an insignificant place, that were it not for its wonderful history it would scarcely ever be mentioned or thought about.

Within the walls of the present city of Jerusalem there are two very remarkable buildings, one called the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the other the Mosque of Omar. Of the latter we have nothing to say in this article; but the very mention of the name will be likely to set some of you to thinking who have any acquaintance with history. You have already read some reasons why Jerusalem is a sacred spot to Jews and Christians; but you know that "mosque" is the word used by the followers of Mahomet for their places of worship, and the question may arise in some of your minds, How comes it that in Jerusalem, the fountain head, as it were, of Judaism and Christianity, there is a Mahometan place of worship, seeing that neither Christians nor Jews believe in Mahomet as a prophet, and that between Christians and Mahometans, strong antagonism and antipathy have existed since the days of the crusades, originating in the possession by the latter of the Holy Sepulchre. But more of this at some future time; we must devote the remainder of our space in this number to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

On our first page you have an engraving of a portion of the front of this ancient structure. It was founded by Constantine, Emperor of Rome, who, in the 4th century, obeyed Christianity and declared the Christian to be the official church of the empire. It is stated by historians, and generally believed, that it was founded on the tomb or sepulchre in which the body of the Redeemer was laid when taken from the cross, and hence its name—The Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

The above statement, however, like many others in ancient history, has been doubted, and has caused considerable discussion; but true or not, it does not change the fact that a remarkable building known by this name has existed for many centuries in Jerusalem, and is still visited yearly by large numbers of pilgrims of various Christian sects, the principal being Catholics, members of the Greek church and others who, like them, venerate the reliques or mementoes of departed Saints, and who are given more or less to the worship of images.

Nearly every spot and object within the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is, in the minds of the pilgrims at least, connected with the life, death and sufferings of Christ, and the doings of those who were associated with Him; and this is the reason why it is so venerated and has so many yearly visitors.

The church stands near the western gate of the city, and within its walls are many chapels belonging to these different sects, most or all of them being erected upon, and containing an altar over, some spot made sacred in their minds by the real or supposed contact of the Savior when in the flesh.

Among the famous objects beneath the roof of this old church, which the monks pretend to point out to travelers, may be mentioned the Stone of Unction; the graves of Jesus, Melchisedec, Joseph of Arimathea, and of Nicodemus; the spot on which the Savior appeared to Mary Magdalene after His resurrection; that on which she stood at the time; also, where Jesus appeared to His mother; the "Pillar of flagellation"—the one on which He was bound while scourged and crowned with thorns; the "Prison of our Lord"—the one in which He was confined before His crucifixion. The monks also designate the stone on which stood the Remish soldier when, seeing the earthquake, darkness and other signs which followed the death of Jesus, he said "Surely this was the Son of God."

In the centre of the church, rising out of the floor, is a marble pillar, which the monks say covers the grave of Adam, and from whence the dust was taken of which he was made; this precise locality is also declared by them to be the exact centre of the earth.

The most noted locality of all probably within the church, is that of the crucifixion, and the exact position on which the cross of Christ stood, also those of the two thieves, is pointed out. It is covered with a marble slab, through which holes are bored, which are said to cover the identical ones in which the three crosses were planted.

The Stone of Unction, already mentioned, is that on which the body of Jesus was laid while being prepared for burial. Near by, surrounded by a circular fence, is pointed out the place on which the sorrowing Mary stood, while the body of her son was undergoing this operation.

The tomb, or holy sepulchre itself is six feet by seven feet. Within it is shown a stone on which the monks say the body of the Savior lay. This is covered with a marble slab, now very much worn by the kisses of the pilgrims. The sepulchre is ornamented with forty or fifty gold and silver lamps, kept continually burning. Several others of these sacred receptacles are similarly decorated, that of the crucifixion being beautifully adorned with many diamonds and other precious stones, worth, it is said, a large fortune.

In reading this brief account of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, we shall not insult the intelligence of our young readers, by asking them to believe that the various places already mentioned, are those on which the events now associated with them actually occurred. Some of them may be, but it is hardly likely that so many could have transpired within the narrow limits covered by the roof of any single building; and none, save perhaps the most bigoted and ignorant of the pilgrim visitors, believe such to be the case. The monks in past ages have no doubt found it profitable to designate these particular localities, and now what is merely tradition in reference to these events has become as sacred to the minds of some, as any that

hold in chains and prevent the expansion and freedom of the human mind, in relation to any other subject.

We shall conclude this article with a short account of the Festival of the Holy Fire, which takes place annually on Easter eve in this church, and perhaps no better illustration could be given of the munimery practised within its walls, under the guise and cloak of religion.

You all know, if you have carefully read the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, that Easter Sunday is the name given by the Romish church to the anniversary of the day on which Christ rose from the dead. Well, on this particular day, early in the morning, pilgrims in large numbers gather at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and as the time of the ceremony draws nigh, they become excited, and, it is said, dance and howl more like maniacs than sensible, Christian men. Sometime after noon, the "Bishop of the Holy Fire," with his attendants, enters the edifice, and proceeds to the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre. He enters there, and closes the door. There is a small hole in the wall of this chapel, and shortly after the entrance of the bishop fire is seen at this hole, and the pilgrims, being provided with candles, are all anxious to light them at this fire, he who is able to pay the highest price, having the privilege of doing so first.

There is nothing particular in all this, and it would be as unworthy of notice as many other mummeries practiced by some of the apostate Christian churches, were it not for the blashpemy of asserting that the fire, so anxiously looked for by the pilgrims, is lighted by the Holy Spirit, who yearly descends and kindles it upon the sacred tomb.

[For the Juvenile Instructor.]

Chemistry of Common Things.

THE BLOWPIPE.-NO. 1.

THE blowpipe has been mentioned as being used in analysis, it will therefore be well to briefly describe it, its use in chemical investigations, some of the more simple re-agents required to experiment with, and the method of using them. For soldering small articles of metal together the blowpipe has been used for, probably, thousands of years. On some of the ancient Egyptian picture-writings may be seen figures of men using this instrument, and its use has been known, probably, down to the present times. By means of the blowpipe the workman directs the flame of an oil lamp upon the metal to be soldered in such a manner that the fusible alloy used to unite the metal is melted.

The common blowpipe used by workers in metal is a brass tube, one end of which is large enough to admit air from the mouth, the other end is about the size of a fine needle. About two inches from the small end the tube is bent at a right angle to bend the flame to one side and enable the workmen to see the article being soldered. For joining metals the parts to be united are filed smooth and clean, made to fit, brought closely together and secured by binding wire, if necessary. Borax, or a suitable flux is used with the solder, not that it is really necessary to fuse the solder, but it protects the parts to be joined from becoming oxydized. In soldering the metal is supported upon a piece of charcoal, as that substance is a nonconductor of heat. The operation of blowing is only for very short periods at a time, so that the moisture of the breath that accumulates in the tube causes little inconvenience.

In examinations to determine the nature of substances the simple blowpipe described is, generally speaking, sufficient; but

in prolonged investigations, or in operations of great nicety a receptacle for any water collected from the breath is necessary. As to the shape of the blowpipe that is not of as much importance as the position of the bulb, or chamber for containing moisture; most of the blowpipes sold have the bulb attached to the small end, it should be attached to the larger, as the collected water can then be blown out more readily. The length of tube should be seven or eight inches to the bend, this, however, depends upon the length of vision, which differs in different persons.

The kind of flame to be used with the blowpipe may be that of a small lamp with cotton wick and olive or sperm oil, or a wax, or even a tallow candle. The wick should be bent in the same direction as the flame is to be directed, and the flame should be made to traverse horizontally.

To use the blowpipe care must be taken not to fatigue the organs of respiration; the principal things to be attended to, as explained in the best works on blowpipe practice, are to take care *not to blow directly from the lungs*, to hold the blowpipe in the mouth *without pressing too firmly* with the lips, and to be careful not to fatigue the muscles of the cheeks *by over practice*. In using the blowpipe *the cheeks must expel the air*, and, by practice, they may soon be taught to do so *without interfering with respiration*. The mouth must be kept filled with air while breathing, and pressure kept up by the muscles of the cheeks alone. This requires some practice, and practice will make perfect; to the patient and persevering, success will be proportionate to the attention given. By actual experiment, observation and industry alone difficulties will be overcome, the "try, try, try again" is necessary in blowpipe practice, the same as in the attainment of knowledge in any other department of education.

Charcoal is the best support for the assay. At first it will be well to examine known substances, and to use very minute fragments of substances. The surface of the charcoal perpendicular to the annual rings of the wood is the best to practise on. Everything may be pressed into the service of the young experimenter—lead, zinc, copper and other metals; ores and earths of different kinds, sulphur ore, gypsum, limestone, clay, lead ore, silver ore, iron ore, sand and other substances.

On a perfectly clean surface of charcoal place a small piece of lead, bring the flame to bear upon it, sometimes the point, at other times the body of the flame, notice the results, the color of the flame, the color of the charcoal around the assay, notice which part of the flame causes the lead to decompose the most, then let the assay be acted upon merely by the heat of the flame, which may be done by having the assay before the point of the flame. Notice the results: all the combustible matter is oxydized—this is "the oxydizing flame." The further from the point of the flame, provided the heat is sufficient (a low, red heat is the best), the better the operation of oxydation goes on. For this operation a blowpipe with a large aperture is the best; for "reduction," that is, for the *deoxydizing* flame we shall see that a fine jet is the best.

BETH.

CURIOS FACTS IN FIGURES.—Any number of figures you may wish to multiply by 5 will give the same result if divided by 2—a much quicker operation; but you must remember to annex a cipher to the answer when there is no remainder, and when there is a remainder, whatever it may be, annex a 5 to the answer. Multiply 464 by 5, and the answer will be 2,320; divide the same by 2, and you have 232, and, as there is no remainder, you add a cipher. Now, take 359, multiply by 5, the answer is 1,795; on dividing this by 2 there is 179 and a remainder; you therefore place a 5 at the end of the line, and the result is again 1,795.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON - - - EDITOR.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1872.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



HOW to achieve success in life is a subject that can not be otherwise than interesting to all, and especially to the young, for life is before them, and success exceedingly desirable. In our times this is generally estimated by the amount of money a man possesses; and he who, on reaching adult age, starts in business poor and accumulates most money in a given time is generally regarded as the most successful man. So far as money goes this is undoubtedly a correct estimate; but while none can deny that the possession of wealth, and its discreet use, are very conducive to happiness and comfort in life, its accumulation is not possible by all, and it is only a partial standard of genuine success. In estimating this, honor must also be taken into consideration. We do not mean that species of honor arising from popular applause, or that lip service given to men in high official position by those upon whom their favors are bestowed; but the genuine article—that which is involuntarily accorded to him who has performed really noble deeds, or whose life is well spent and worthy of being imitated. This must certainly not be omitted or forgotten in estimating success in life, for it is a very important element; and while it is one sometimes not possessed by those who get rich, it is within the reach of all, rich or poor, for poverty need not prevent a man being a good member of society.

This being the case, we wish to have a short talk to our boy readers on the subject of "Success in Life." We say "boy readers" because the boys of to-day will be the men of the future, and upon them will rest the chief responsibility of providing homes, food, clothing and education for the generations which will follow them. They will be the fathers and heads of the families of the future, and we hold that he who, whether he be rich or poor, provides for a family, rears his children in comfort, and gives them a good education is one of the most worthy members of society, achieves a great share of success in life, and merits the honor and respect of his fellows. This measure of success is, as we have said, within the reach of all, and how to achieve it, is worthy the attention and consideration of all our youth.

In a former number of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, we endeavored to impress upon the boys the value and the great importance of becoming skillful in some useful craft, or trade. This, we regard as indispensable to ensure any degree of success in life; but this is only one of the essentials, for a man may be a skillful tradesman, mechanic, artist, accountant, and so on, and yet have weaknesses or defects of character which militate against his chances of success. For instance he may be ever so skillful in any of the branches mentioned above, and yet, if he is intemperate, as many are, he never can hope for success. He may not be intemperate but may be notorious for untruthfulness, or for a want of punctuality; or he may be dishonest, or lazy, and no matter how smart or skillful he may be, with such blemishes in his

character he can not hope for success, as we have defined it.

Now most of these faults are acquired through a neglected or defective education in youth, and if young folks will but be warned, and take the advice of those older than they are, they may avoid acquiring them; or, having fallen into any of them, they may do much to correct them, and so brighten their prospects of future success in life. Boys, think over these hints. You can all be your own best friends or greatest enemies; you can, to a great extent, make or mar your own future, ensure to yourself a life of usefulness, respect and comfort, or of indigence, contempt and disrespect. This is no idle talk; and if you cannot understand it fully now, the day will come, and it is not far distant, when you will realize the truth of every word written here. Intelligent boys, who will make themselves masters of some useful trade or profession, and will then make it the rule of their lives to be honest, punctual, industrious, economical, truthful, sober, obliging and polite—and this you can all do—never need fear; their success is sure—it is in their own hands, and no "bad luck" can intervene and deprive them thereof.

NATURE IN AUSTRALIA.—Australia abounds literally in strange forms and unexpected contrasts, of which little is known in our country. Here Nature seems to have frolicked, almost wantonly, in producing grotesque shapes and curious combinations. The immigrant looks with marvel and a feeling akin to discomfort at the trees with leathery leaves, which all stand perpendicularly upon their stems, giving no shadow; while the tree itself changes not the foliage, but the bark, with the returning season. He finds an abundance of gorgeous flowers, but few edible fruits; grasses as high as men, and reeds growing up into stately trees. Here the swans are black and the eagles white; the birds have hair instead of feathers, and kangaroos have short, ridiculous fore-arms, and are forced to stand upright, holding a pair of useless-looking hands idly before them; but the oddest of her creatures is a small kind of water-mole, known to naturalists under the formidable name of Ornithorhynchus, which means nothing more than duckbill. This extraordinary creature is an animal not unlike an otter in outline and in its fur, but in its inner structure, utterly different from all other mammalia. What makes it, however, unique in the animal kingdom, is the odd combination it presents of a quadruped with the bill of a bird; for the strange creature has a toothless mouth, lengthening out into two horny protuberances, which resemble nothing so much as a duck's bill; nor does the resemblance end here, for the little animal, living only in clear, standing water, stirs up the mud at the bottom exactly as water fowl do, and strains the slime, like the duck, through the bill, retaining only the small worms upon which it subsists. It spends its life under water; swims and dives admirably, and produces its young in so perfect a state of development, that they have to be sustained for some time by peculiar organs especially provided for the purpose, before they can leave the parent.

RIGHTEOUS DEEDS.

As body when the soul has fled,
As barren trees decayed and dead
Is faith: a hopeless, lifeless thing,
If not of *righteous deeds* the spring.

One cup of healing oil and wine,
One tear-drop shed on mercy's shrine
Is thrice more grateful Lord to Thee,
Than blitzen eye or tended knee.

Selected.

CHURCHES AND WORSHIP IN CALIFORNIA.

DURING a recent visit of President George A Smith, Elders Wilford Woodruff and A. M. Musser and the Editor to California, we took occasion to visit various places of worship. San Francisco abounds in sectarian churches. Probably no other city in the United States has so great a variety. The Catholics have their churches, the Greeks have theirs, the Protestants have meeting houses of every kind, the Jews have their synagogues and the Chinese have their Joss houses. The most of these places are fitted up in the finest style of art. Both the Catholic church and the Greek church claim to be the original and pure church organized upon the earth by Jesus and His apostles. As each believes itself to be the true church—and both are mistaken, having been in a state of apostasy for hundreds of years—each hates the other with great cordiality. The Protestant churches are very numerous. They number hundreds. They are called Protestants, because they protest against the Catholic or Romish church and hold it to be a fallen or apostate church. But while they protest against the Catholic and Greek churches, and think them both wrong, they cannot agree among themselves; in many instances they quarrel with one another about their doctrines as bitterly as they do with the church of Rome.

One of the reasons of there being so many of these churches is that the Protestants generally believe that the Bible gives the authority to preach the gospel, and that if a man differs with the church to which he belongs respecting points of doctrine, there is nothing to forbid his preaching his own views and getting as many followers as he can. He can thus form a new church. Jesus said to His apostles, after His resurrection from the dead, "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." The Protestants claim that they have the same rights under this commandment that the apostles themselves had. With such views you can understand why they have so many sects.

We did not learn whether the Chinese at San Francisco are divided into sects or not. But they have more than one place of worship. There are certain streets and blocks in that city which are almost wholly occupied by them. There are but few stores or residences in those quarters which are not theirs. Their habits and style of living are such that it is not pleasant for Americans or Europeans to live near them. We speak now of the common people, for the great bulk of those who come to this country are of this class. There are Chinese merchants in San Francisco who are men of high culture and refinement, and whose habits will probably compare favorably with the best in America or Europe.

The Joss house we visited is built in the centre of the block, is surrounded by other buildings and is approached by alleys leading from the main streets. We climbed a flight of stairs, and walked along a verandah until we came to a wide door, which was open. Immediately in front of the door stood a screen, behind which were the principal shrines. At these shrines there were several images. They were all sitting. Some of their countenances were fierce and repulsive, others wore a mild expression. But all were tricked out with finery, and had considerable tinsel about them. In front of each a feeble light was burning, not blazing. The substance which burned seemed to be some kind of punk wood, rolled up to a thickness a little less than an ordinary black-lead pencil. This shuddered slowly, but with a bright glow. An attendant priest we presumed, kept these constantly burning. There were small vessels filled with water also before each shrine.

There were three rooms containing shrines, and each image or idol differed in appearance from the others. We lingered around there for some time; but we saw no worshippers. The rooms were evidently designed for purposes of worship alone. There were no seats, and the places were not spacious enough to hold a large congregation. Instructions in the religion is given elsewhere, and form a part of the education, doubtless, of every Chinese child. The Chinese are an educated people in their way; there are none of them, not even the poorest, who cannot read and write their own language. Inside the house there are inscriptions on various parts of the walls in Chinese; outside the walls are covered with them.

Saturday being the Jewish Sabbath—for Jews observe the seventh day which, they claim to be Saturday—we repaired on that day to the synagogue El Emanuel, said to be the finest in the city. It is a brick structure of an architectural appearance strikingly oriental. By the kindness of the gentleman in charge, who proved to be an old acquaintance of the Editor when he was on a mission in California fifteen years ago, we were shown to a seat where we could witness the services and command a view of the congregation to the best advantage. The building is elegantly finished inside, and contains a gallery. The seats are well cushioned and commodious. The first impulse upon entering a place of worship is to pull off one's hat. We did so, and sat with our hats off while the congregation assembled. But every man who came in kept his hat on. We saw that we would be singular to sit with our hats off, so we replaced them and kept them on during the entire service. At the north end of the building there were two desks or stands. In the centre of the upper one was an alcove, the opening of which was covered by rich curtains. Above these stands were the organ, and the gallery for the singers. When the time had arrived for the commencement of the services two men in black gowns and with black, flat hats on, entered, one taking possession of the lower stand, the other sat in the upper. The one in the lower stand commenced, in a very fine voice, to chant, in Hebrew, the praises of God, the words being selections from the Psalms of David. The choir which numbered only four persons—two men and two women—and who were evidently chosen for the position because of their excellent voices, joined at times with the minister in the chanting. The congregation had books printed in Hebrew with an English translation, and at certain portions of the service, they murmured, in a low, indistinct tone, the responses which were printed in the prayer book. Though we could not understand anything that was said in these portions of the service, we appreciated the singing, which was very fine. We had prayer books handed to us, and from these were able to get the translation of the Hebrew words which were sung. The prayer books, like all Hebrew books, commenced at what is the end of the book with us, and was paged backwards to what in our books is the beginning, our first page being the last page in them. After the chanting of the services the minister in the upper stand delivered a brief discourse in English. His English was broken, and had a strong German accent.

The most interesting portion of the service to us was the presenting of the law to the congregation. The ministers proceeded to the alcove in the upper stand, and with the assistance of two of the congregation who sat in the stand in citizen's dress during the service, and who hold some office, took therefrom the law. This is rolled on two sticks or rollers, and is encased in a silken covering. It is held up before the congregation as the law given by God through Moses His prophet to His chosen people Israel. It is then uncovered and unrolled by the two assistants, and held on the desk while the Rabbi reads therefrom, in Hebrew, a portion of the law, after which it is carefully rolled up, encased in its silken covering and placed back in the alcove, which represents the ark of the covenant. This ceremony is conducted with an impressiveness that inspired us

with solemn feelings. The reading from the law, as well as the remarks of the Rabbi, were followed by singing. In fact, nearly all the prayers and other services were chanted—the Jews evidently believe in giving glory to God in the song—and the benediction was pronounced by the Rabbi, in Hebrew, with uplifted hands as our Elders do, and the congregation then dispersed after having been together about one hour and a half,

(To be Continued.)

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

(Continued.)

ON the 14th the volunteers from Mount Pisgah arrived. The battalion was called, and strict instructions were given them as to how they should behave on their expedition. President Young wished them to prove the best soldiers in the United States service. He instructed the captains to be fathers to their companies, and to manage their offices by the power and influence of the priesthood, then they would have power to preserve their lives and the lives of their companies and to escape difficulties. Said he, "a private soldier is as honorable as an officer if he behaves as well; no one is distinguished as being better flesh and blood than another." They should keep neat and clean; teach chastity, gentility and civility, and swearing must not be allowed. They were to insult no man; have no contentious conversation with Missourians, Mexicans or any class of people; were not to preach only where people desired to hear, and then wise men were to do the preaching. They were not to impose their principles upon any people; were to take their Bibles and Books of Mormon, and if they had any playing cards they were to burn them. The officers were to regulate dances, but they were not to dance with the world. They were not to trespass on the rights of others, and if they should engage with the enemy and be successful, they were to treat prisoners with the greatest civility and never to take life if it could be avoided. President Young told the brethren of the battalion that they would have no fighting to do. He said that the battalion would probably be disbanded about eight hundred miles from the place where the Church would locate. He suggested that they tarry there and go to work; "but," said he, "the next temple will be built in the Rocky Mountains; in the Great Basin is the place to build temples, and it shall be the stronghold of the Saints against mobs."

Twenty-six years have elapsed since this prediction was made by President Young. At the time he thus addressed the battalion, this country was an almost unknown land. No human being knew whether grain or fruit could be raised here or not. All that was known about it was that it was a desert. The Prophet Joseph had predicted during his lifetime that the Latter-day Saints should become a great and mighty people in the Rocky Mountains; President Young, moved upon by the same spirit, prophesied to the same effect. The battalion was disbanded about eight hundred miles from Salt Lake City: the most of the volunteers did tarry in California to labor, and were the means of bringing to light the gold for which California has since become so famous, and the discovery and digging of which has almost turned the world upside down. The Great Basin has become a stronghold for the Saints against mobs. The foundations of temples have been laid, and we sincerely hope and trust that numbers of them will yet be built in the various parts of the Great Basin.

It was somewhat difficult to raise men of the necessary age—between 18 and 45—to complete the five hundred, but by strenuous exertions they were at last enlisted and took up their line of march under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Allen, for Fort Leavenworth, and from thence to Santa Fe, and

so on to California. Colonel Allen, much to the regret of those who knew him, did not live to lead the battalion through. He died at Fort Leavenworth. The battalion performed the duties required of it in the most satisfactory manner, and gained great credit by their discipline and patient perseverance in the midst of the difficulties which they had to encounter. No better troops as soldiers, no better behaved as gentlemen ever enlisted under the flag of the Union than these volunteers proved; we shall have occasion to refer to them and their toilsome labors as we progress with this history. Measures were adopted to take care of the families of the volunteers during their absence. A large number of the most responsible men in the camp were selected to act as bishops to see that there was no suffering among these families and that all were properly provided for.

General Thomas L. Kane, son of Judge Kane, of Philadelphia, came to the camp about the time that Colonel Allen did, having been sent by President Polk as a bearer of dispatches to Fort Leavenworth. It was there that he first made the acquaintance of President Young and the Apostles, and saw the people in the midst of the trying circumstances which surrounded them. Though quite a young man at the time, he took a warm interest in their welfare. He was taken dangerously sick in camp, and it was only with the most careful nursing and strict attention that his life was saved. He never forgot this kindness, and, upon his return to Philadelphia, he delivered an address before the Historical Society of that city, in which he described in the most eloquent and touching language the scenes through which the Latter-day Saints had passed, and the patriotic sacrifice which they had made to raise the battalion called for by the government. Probably no document of its size has ever described in more graphic and striking language the trials and sufferings of the Latter-day Saints to the reader than this. General Kane has on numerous occasions since the one of which we write shown his friendship for the innocent and the oppressed, and he will have the esteem of this people as a devoted, self-sacrificing and truly Christian gentleman—a philanthropist in the highest sense of the term.

On the 16th of July, Ezra Taft Benson was ordained an Apostle, to take the place of John E. Page, who had fallen. On the same day Elders Orson Hyde, Parley P. Pratt and John Taylor were appointed on a mission to England, on which mission they started on the 31st of that month, to regulate the affairs of the Church in that land. On the 21st of July twelve men were selected to preside in all matters, spiritual and temporal, at Council Bluffs. Instructions were given to them to attend as speedily as convenient to locating and arranging for the stopping of the Saints, those already at Council Bluffs and those who might come on that season, as well as to use all the means in their power to have all the poor Saints brought from Nauvoo. They were also instructed to do everything in their power to assist in taking charge of the families of those who had gone as volunteers in the battalion. Instructions were given also for the establishment of schools for the education of the children during the Winter.

Captain Allen had secured from the chiefs representing the Pottawattomie tribe of Indians at Council Bluffs, their voluntary consent for the Latter-day Saints to make their lands a stopping place, and to cultivate any part of them not then cultivated by themselves, so long as they, the Pottawattomies, should remain in possession of their present country. He also wrote a letter, to be used whenever occasion might require it, stating, over his official signature, what he had done and advised in the premises. The Indian sub-agent of that tribe of Indians had also endorsed in a letter the action of the Indians, and of Colonel Allen as being wise and proper under the circumstances. General Kane wrote a letter to the President of the United States, enclosing a copy of these documents, and giving his personal endorsement to the measure. He said that while he could see no reason why the Mormon people should

not winter in the valleys of that neighborhood, he considered it exceedingly important that they should be allowed the privilege of so doing, as no advice to them had been opposed to the crossing of the Missouri river of so large a body of them during that year.

On the 1st of August the council addressed a letter to Bishop Miller and the companies with him, he having gone out in the direction of the Pawnee village, in which they reported the condition of the camp, an account of the organization of the battalion and the intention to encamp with the main body somewhere on or near the Missouri river for the Winter. He was told that the council did not think it advisable for any part of the companies to undertake to cross the mountains that Fall. Measures were taken at the main camp by President Young and the council to organize affairs for the season. Twelve men were chosen to be the Municipal High Council, who were to take measures to gather the Saints together at one place under the necessary regulations. The camp was gathered together at a grove which was called Cutler's Park, after Alpheus Cutler, who was chosen as President of the Municipal High Council. Instructions were given to the people to immediately proceed to the cutting of hay in sufficient quantities to supply the stock of the camp during the Winter.

(To be continued.)

THE STOLEN GOLD PIECE.

(Concluded.)

"ARE you certain you left it here? Didn't you carry it down to the store?" asked Mrs. Hall.

"No. I am certain I left it here," placing his hand on the table. "You saw me, Walter?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy.

"And was it there when you came down to the store at eleven?"

"I don't know, sir. I saw you leave it, and I was so busy studying, that I did not notice anything about it afterwards."

"You don't suppose there has been any one in the house to steal it, do you, Mary?" asked Mr. Hall.

"No, that cannot be, for there has been no one in the room but Walter, and, after he went out, I came down and locked both the doors."

"It is perfectly unaccountable," said Mr. Hall, "where that money has gone. I declare! If it was in the days of witchcraft, I should think the witches had got it."

* * * * *

It was evening. Mr. Hall was sitting alone with his wife.

"Mary," said he, "that gold piece has disappeared most mysteriously. Walter is good and faithful, and it is hard to believe anything wrong of him, but he was strongly tempted, and has probably yielded to the temptation. In fact, it is my firm belief that he has taken the money."

"Oh! don't say so," pleaded his wife. "It cannot be; we have had so much confidence in him, it is dreadful to think of his being a thief."

"I know it is, Mary," he answered. "But the circumstances are all against him. Walter," he called, as he heard his step in the hall, "come here, I want to speak to you."

The boy obeyed.

"Walter," said Mr. Hall, sternly, after having regarded him attentively, "tell me the truth: did you take that gold piece?"

The boy stood, for a moment, almost stupefied with amazement at this unexpected question; then, raising his eyes with a look as bright and fearless as ever, he said,—

"I steal? I steal from you, Mr. Hall, when you have done so much for me? Never!"

Mr. Hall again repeated the question.

"Did you ever know me to tell you a lie?" asked Walter, proudly, a rich color mounting to his cheeks as he spoke.

"No, you never have."

"Did you ever know me to deceive you, or to take a cent that did not belong to me?"

"No, you have been a good and faithful boy, and I have never had occasion to distrust you before; but a bright, twenty dollar gold piece was a strong temptation, and older and wiser people have yielded before you. But if you will confess, and tell me what you have done with the money, I will pardon this first offence, and, if you do well, you shall in time be reinstated in my confidence."

But the only answer he received was—

"I am innocent."

"Walter," said Mr. Hall, still more sternly, "I command you to tell me what you have done with the money; there was no one in the room but you, and you must have taken it."

Still the boy's despairing cry was—

"I am innocent. O, Mr. Hall! I am innocent."

"How dare you persist in adding falsehood to your theft? I give you your choice, confess your guilt, and tell me what you have done with the money, or to-morrow morning you shall leave my home forever. I will not keep a boy," he said, angrily, "who repays confidence and kindness with ingratitude and theft."

Walter was silent for a few moments; and then, in accents that would have melted a heart of stone, he said,—

"Mr. Hall, you have been to me like a father; you took me when I was destitute, without a friend in the world, and gave me a home and employment; and I have been happy, very happy. Could you look into my heart, you would see there love and gratitude as enduring as my life; had you placed a whole bag of gold pieces before me, I would have died before taking one from you."

"This is all idle talk," said Mr. Hall, "when this act of yours belies your words. You have heard the only conditions upon which I shall suffer you to remain. Now take your choice."

The face of the boy was colorless as marble as he said, in a voice scarcely above a whisper,—

"How can I confess guilt when I have no guilt to confess?"

Truth and innocence were stamped upon the boy's face, but the circumstances pointed against him.

"How young to be skilled in artifice!" thought Mr. Hall.

At this moment little Ella came running into the room, and, coming up to Walter's side, laid her little, curly head upon his arm, and said,—

"Papa, Wally didn't teal, Wally dood, Ella love Wally."

Thus far the boy had shed no tears; he had borne up like a hero under the charge against him; but Ella's childish words of affection and sympathy were too much for him. Bursting into tears, he sank down upon the sofa, and covered his face with his hands.

It was a touching scene. Mrs. Hall raised her eyes beseechingly to her husband, as if imploring him to relent. Mr. Hall, too, was moved with compassion at the sight of his distress; but when he thought of the many circumstances against him, he more firmly than ever believed in his guilt, and thought him acting most admirably his part of dissimulation and falsehood, and it stifled all the feelings of pity that were beginning to spring up in his heart. Uncertain what course he ought to pursue, he said,—

"You may go to your room now, Walter, and in the morning we will settle this question."

The next morning the sun shone into Walter's room as bright and cheerful as ever. Would that the heart of its little occupant were as bright and joyous as were its gladsome rays!

Walter had passed a sleepless night, and had arisen at an early hour. The words that Mr. Hall had used the evening

before almost drove him to distraction. "He must confess his guilt, and restore the money, or he should be for ever banished from the house." Would it not be better, he thought, to say that he had taken the money, but had lost it in the street? In that case, Mr. Hall had promised to pardon him, and in time to reinstate him in his confidence. But a still, small voice within him said: "Keep to the truth, Walter, keep to the truth."

At that moment his eye fell on his Bible, the dying gift, of his mother; he opened it, and read these words: "Whatsoever things ye desire, when ye pray believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."

Precious words of comfort and promise! Kneeling down by his bedside, he poured forth his soul in prayer, asking that his innocence might be proved and for a rich blessing to descend upon his benefactors.

Was his prayer answered? We shall see.

* * * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Hall had taken their seats at the breakfast-table. The countenances of both wore a troubled expression quite unusual to them, and while her husband was carving the meat, Mrs. Hall attempted to pour the coffee; but it would not run.

"Why what is the matter?" she said. "the coffee-pot is full, I know, but there won't a drop come out."

"Shake it," said Mr. Hall, perhaps the grains have become lodged on the strainer."

She did so, and something hard and heavy, like a piece of metal, fell to the bottom of the coffee-pot with a rattling sound.

"I wonder what it can be?" she said.

Raising the lid, she inserted a spoon, and drew out upon it something round and hard.

"It looks like a large brass button," she said, wiping it with her napkin. "Why, Edward!" she exclaimed, in amazement. "It is that twenty dollar gold piece you gave me yesterday!" And she handed it to her husband.

"Are you sure?" he asked, quickly. "Good Heavens! you are right."

"Here, papa," cried Ella, who was seated beside her father at the table, "it's mine! Div it to me! Ella put it in there to make you some toffee."

The mystery was explained, and hastily dropping his knife and fork, Mr. Hall rushed up-stairs to Walter's room.

"Can you ever forgive me?" he exclaimed. "Your innocence is proved, as clear as daylight." And he proceeded to tell in what manner the money had been found.

"I knew it would be," said the boy, his face radiant with every emotion of joy. "I knew it would be found, and before this day was out, too."

"How did you know it?" asked Mr. Hall, a good deal surprised at the boy's earnestness.

"Doesn't it say here," and he held up the open Bible, and pointed to a particular passage, "'That whatsoever things ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them?' I took God at His word, and prayed that He would prove my innocence, believing that He would hear my prayer, and you see He has done it."

Beautiful, indeed, is a child's implicit faith in the unfailing promise of the Redeemer. Why so much talk in the world about creeds, doctrines and professions? Why is it not enough to follow the simple teachings of Jesus, and to give to Him and the Father the tribute of a loving, trusting heart?

Christmas came a fortnight after, and the twenty dollar gold piece did go to Mr. Williams, the tailor, after all; but not to pay for Mr. Hall's clothing, as was originally intended, for that bill was settled some time ago, but to buy a good, warm, handsome suit, with cap and gloves, for Walter Stevens, a Christmas present from Mr. and Mrs. Hall.

Selected Poetry.

MOTHER KNOWS BEST.

"The rain is most over, hurrah for the water!"
Said a motherly goose to her yellowish daughter,
"We'll take a good bath and a motherly swim,
For here's a new mud puddle, full to the brim.

"A goose never waits on account of the weather;
And it's lucky for you that we go in together.
Step forward, my dear," said old mother goose,
"You act as if running your head in a noose."

"That is just the way that I feel, my dear mother;
And if *you* don't object I'm sure I'd much rather
Stay here on the bank, I'm so young and small
I know going in will not suit me at all."

"Tut, tut!" said the goose, "stop your baby-like chatter;
You've never been in, and that's what's the matter;
Now what do *you* know until you have tried?
Just listen to me, your mother and guide."

So gosling, much fearing her dear mother's censure,
Had nothing to do but to make the adventure.
Now look at her frisking and sailing about,
For having got in she is loth to come out!

Now, nice little readers, please give your attention,
For here is a moral I just wish to mention:
Is not this a truth you have often confessed,
That, think as I may, my mother knows best?

THREE IN A BED.

Gay, little velvet coats,
One, two, three!
Any home happier
Could there be?
Topsy and Johnny
And sleepy Ned,
Purring so cosily,
Three in a bed!

Woe to the stupid mouse
Prowling about!
Old Mother Pussy
Is on the lookout!
Little eats, big eats,
All must be fed,
In the sky parlor,
Three in a bed!

Mother's a gipsy puss,—
Often she moves,
Thinking much travel
Her children improves,
High-minded family,
Very well bred;
No falling out, you see!
Three in a bed!

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